

PUFFS ARE MAKING TROUBLE

WOMEN BUY THEM BY THE YARD
AND THEY WON'T STAY ON.

All kinds of complications brought about by the latest fashion in hairdressing—Men Bothered as Well as Women—The Things That Happen Nowadays.

This isn't the story of a newspaper puff. It is the newspaper story of a puff—several stories and several puffs, in truth, for both are thick as the leaves in that famous place that is mispelled in the sophomore year. If you belong to the puff class you'll recognize the truth of some of these little episodes.

It is said by a census taker who is interested, on the side, in congestion and uplift questions, that there is one man in Harlem who really believes that the queer little rolls that have blossomed in one season all over the head of the little woman who formerly wore her hair in a tiny wisp in the nape of her neck, because some one in school told her she looked like Psyche, grew on her. He is always telling her how nice her hair looks, and in a burst of husbandly flattery one evening he said he should think it would take her an awful long time to get them all so even and how long she do it?

And of course she told him that a man never could understand those things and that was the use. And he agreed with her that he couldn't and carry on his business too.

When the husband was a youth he had a mother who dyed her hair and rouged her cheeks every day, but he was a dutiful son, and now he doesn't know or even suspect that his wife bought her puffs by the yard and keeps them in the upper drawer, and he never will. Happy man! Great the power of inheritance and training.

At a fashionable hotel the other afternoon a young woman who was doing her part zealously in the "Merry Widow" waltz simply strewn puffs all over the stage. After the young woman had made her bow Donald Brien came from behind a screen and went about picking them up, so coolly, as if they had been bunches of forget-me-nots. Having gathered both hands full he stopped and made a graceful salute. He did it all with an air as if he were quite used to puffs.

The little incident was greeted with hysterical laughter. The laughter was the tribute, not to an unusual happening but to a usual one, for every woman there had apparently had some such experience.

It is just about a couple of years since the first puffs made their way into the horizon of public attention. They were brought over on the head of a tourist returning from Paris and London, and, as they say in theatrical circles, "their popularity has been unprecedented ever since."



SUBWAY PUFFS.

At first a woman went to the inner room of her favorite hairdresser and held a long conference as to the advisability of filling out little curls in her coiffure with an occasional—only an occasional—mind you—puff. She didn't believe in wearing false hair, but how were you going to keep your hat on unless you have something to pin it to?

Now, so quickly do we move along in the world of chance and change that a woman telephones her husband to stop at one of the department stores and get her a yard of puffs, for she's lost hers and Mrs. Smith's party is that night.

One man actually brought home the wrong color, and he had a mighty hard quarter of an hour explaining why he bought blond puffs instead of chestnut. It was his idea that it was the overweening extravagance of women for puffs that brought about the financial trouble of last autumn, but of course his ideas are more or less morbid.

GREENER WRIGGLES AWAY

PENNY-LOPE CUT IT TOO FINE
AFTER THE DRILL.

Etiquette Falls as a Ball on the Early Morning Train—Soldiers Three Discourage a Suitor (Or Was He?) Who Didn't Dance—Hot Ending for Jake.

It was clear that they had been at a military event in Brooklyn. They got on the Sixth Avenue train at Park place station in the first place. In the second place the men were in soldier clothes and the young women wore badges made up of United States flags and guns and bayonets and ramrods and such things.

It was a competitive drill and their side had won and they were quite enthusiastic. The statuette girl, whose name appeared to be Penny-lope, remarked:

"Indeed, you could see who was the favorite when the plaudits rang out as Company C marched to the front to accept the trophy."

The big C on the men's belts was quite visible to every one.

"Yes," assented Marie, who was only pretty and fluffy, "it was grand."

The elder man was evidently Marie's husband, for he comfortably adjusted his head on her shoulder and went to sleep. Things seemed to be settling down between Penny-lope and the other prize soldier, who had a smooth, pink, chubby face and pompadour hair. It looked as if she had determined to bring him to time pretty speedily, and the fresh young cub, her brother Jake, aged about 16, appeared to be in alliance with her.

"Gee, Penny-lope," he piped up, "you must be played out with all them dances!" Penny-lope sighed and sighed and the young man with the pompadour took notice—"let's see your dance order!" he grabbed it and after a glance or two went on: "Say, sis, you danced every number."

The young man looked uncomfortable. "I saw, every number's filled."

"You oughter to learn to dance, Mr. Greener," murmured Penny-lope, striking one of her most statuesque poses and smiling into his soul.

He took off his cap and polished the pompadour with his handkerchief. Some Ital-

The next incident was at a feminine luncheon of the clubwoman variety. It wasn't one of the ordinary luncheons where the guests discuss Bismarck and Shaw, the kind of clothes that Mary Garden wears in "Thais," whether a woman should devote herself to home cooking or the uplift, but the real, vital, burning questions of the hour, such as universal suffrage, whether man is really the equal of woman, socialism and child labor.

One woman had just told of her experience as a would-be voter in Colorado, her husband being away from home and the mails being kept heavy and hot with their correspondence. He wanted her to vote for his candidate and she wanted to vote for her own, and they unfortunately were not the same.

Finally she wrote to him that his arguments had prevailed and she would drop her, but some man, was mean enough to send him word that his candidate had pledged himself to kiss every woman who voted for him, and so she got a wire from her husband "Vote for your own candidate," and she said wasn't that just like a man; that they couldn't reason a bit, but were so illogical and emotional as soon as things got away from the abstract into the concrete.

Just at that moment another gave a tiny



WICKED LITTLE FLATIRON PUFFS.

shriek of a subdued kind as if she were afraid or ashamed of herself and yet to save her life couldn't help it, the kind that a woman gives when a man proposes to her to go to the theatre instead of marriage, and not having any scruples about changing the subject so quickly she ejaculated "Mouse!"

Two or three others followed the direction of her glance, and they too ejaculated "Mouse!"

There is a legend that with the putting on of the garment of emancipation women put off the cloak of fear. It is a legend, nothing else, a mere parlor story.

And these emancipated ones followed the way of their kind, and political, club and social climbers all climbed together into the nearest chairs and gathered their five gored skirts about their openwork and Easter ties. The hostess cried "It's coming this way!" and the woman next to her tried to sprint onto the top of the chair, and a servant came with a pair of fells, the first thing he could find; and at that psychological second a small woman who hadn't advanced any opinions but was just waiting for an opportunity grabbed at her back hair and said, shamefacedly, to her credit be it remarked:

"Oh, that isn't a mouse; that's one of my puffs."

Then she jumped down from her chair, picked it up, pinned it on after blowing

on it the way a woman does, you know, and actually had the audacity to ask if it was on straight. The hostess looked quite fussed for a moment, but as the discussion of woman suffrage and single tax was resumed with all its former ardor she didn't harbor any resentment against her tactless guest.

As if this story wasn't enough, another one comes along of a man who got on the subway train the other evening. He took a seat in the middle of the car where you couldn't help seeing him if you wanted to.

He was a very nice looking elderly, benevolent type of gentleman, and had every appearance of being a superintendent of a Sunday school at least. He was bound for Forty-second street and you knew right away that when he got there he would take a train either for Mount Vernon or New Rochelle, and kind and gentle being that he was, he had selected one that would get him home just in time so that wife and the family wouldn't have to wait and the dinner get cold.

You could read all this history, and then all of a sudden your eyes lighted on a cute little puff dangling from the button of his coat. He was utterly and completely oblivious of its presence as he was of the giggles that followed its discovery. One woman remarked to her escort: "Well,



AN EMERGENCY CASE.

that she had a package in her hand, but so that all the other pretty girls.

Finally he recognized her—or thought he did. She was talking to a man, a mere hulking brute, and when he caught her eye and held up the puff with a gesture of complete understanding she touched the brute, who whirled around and looked ugly at him. That made him angry as a hater and he marched up with his most indifferent manner and said:

"Pardon me. I managed to catch your hair for you."

She said: "Sir, I never saw it before," and he's not sure she ever did, and while he was thinking it over standing in that exposed spot holding it out at arm's length she and brute together were swallowed up in that maelstrom of city life in which so many young and earnest beings are lost every year. To get even he took the puff home and gave it to the girl who waits on the door, and she said:

"La, Mr. Grand, where did you find it? I'm always dropping them about. I hope you didn't tell anybody it was mine, for they all think my hair's naturally luxuriant."

At the lost and found counter of the railway company, where every article left on the street cars is supposed to be turned in before the conductor takes it home and sees if it matches any of the family's needs, a very good looking clerk has been detailed to this branch of the business, which has of late been rather arduous. It is necessary that he should not cast any discredit on a force that is noted for its urbanity and charm of manner, and he asks questions regarding color, number and texture in such a way that no one, unless she was a very hypersensitive person, could possibly take offence.

A young woman who sauntered into the office with every sign of embarrassment in her gestures was directed toward him, and before she had a chance to stammer her request he said in such an easy way that she felt immediately at home:

"Oh, yes, we have lots of ladies come for 'em. Yours is the real blonde, I see, not the peroxide article at all. Probably made out of your own combings. Yes, Not the common, boughten kind? I thought so. Did you have five or six in your string?"

By that time she was taking him into her confidence and was describing to him how

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themselves all over to prevent like catastrophes. Sprinting, H. B. got after it, as if it were a football and the honor of alma mater was in his ability to get over the ground.

The puff would wait for him, the way puffs have, and then would dance idly along just provokingly beyond his grasp. As he travelled along visions of the moment of its return also danced before him, a kind of waltz dream. Certainly a pretty girl would do something more than murmur the conventional "Thank you" to a man who returned her puff.

Meantime Beauty, leading not by a single hair but by a single puff, kept him going until he nearly reached Sixth avenue. Then having captured the puff he sprang back gazing eagerly into the faces of the passersby. Would she remain where he first saw her or would she come to meet him?

By this time he began to get a little confused. He knew she was awfully pretty, but was she tall or short, thin or curved, blue or brown eyed? He remembered



WHO SAID MOUSE?

she had had typhoid fever and all her hair came out, and now that it was coming in slowly, but still she had to wear puffs, and did he like them? He wasn't quite sure by that time, and had to match two or three strings, and each time he had an opportunity to say, "Oh, of course, that's not the one; that hasn't any gloss at all," and when he reached the very last and there was no longer any excuse for delay she asked if he would mind pinning it to her hair at the end of the right ear. And he didn't mind.

One of the women customs inspectors questioned on the subject admitted that she had examined the puffs on the head of every suspicious person whose clothing she had been called upon to search.

"Why, a hollow boot heel isn't it with a puff for a hiding place. A woman could carry a diamond necklace in one of those confounders and the ordinary inspector wouldn't suspect her for a minute," she said.

Pinning puffs on has come to be one of the Lenten relaxations, and a psychologist who keeps ahead of matters of popular interest and their influence on the subliminal consciousness states as a positive fact that as the crisis in history always finds the man, so in matters of social economy when events get to a straining point a balance is struck by the reestablishment of some new sartorial custom or the rehabilitation of an old one. For instance, he calls attention to the fact that the last outcry for woman suffrage was accompanied by the fashion of full sleeves, which necessitated a man's helping a girl into her jacket and poking them down into the outer receptacle, a process which sometimes took fifteen minutes and sometimes might be accomplished with a single dab, when the sleeves were mother's or sister's.

The same rule holds good now. The shrieking sisterhood have got to contend not against anti-suffragists, so called, but against the puff and the necessity of discussing important questions handily, capped by interruptions of this kind: "Yes, that is my puff on the floor, would you mind handing it to me? As we were saying, the mere matter of the place of voting may be adjusted," &c.

The man nowadays is supposed to be ready at any moment to render a woman any puff assistance that she may require and not seem surprised. If her hat and puffs drop off when they are walking, driving or autoing it is his privilege to do the Sir Walter Raleigh act. If at a dinner party, 5 o'clock or in an opera box, the omnipresent puff meets his wandering eye he is supposed to know at once to whom to hand it and to proffer his assistance in lieu of maid.

The father of a daughter came into the library of his Murray Hill residence the other evening suddenly and Daughter rose from what looked to be the clinging embrace of a young man whose intentions had not been so marked as his attentions. Father allowed the way fathers will at these crises and got all ready to say that it was a pleasant evening, which of course the young man would understand meant he had one more chance, when Daughter

coolly put her hand to her head and explained that Mr. Smith had just been pinning on her string of puffs that got caught on the bracket and came off, and did Papa think they were on in the proper place? And Papa remarked afterward, when Mamma took him to task for missing his opportunity, that he couldn't make an idiot of himself by letting people know that he wasn't up to all the newest wrinkles. He guessed not.

A woman who lives uptown tells how she was all ready to go to the theatre not long ago, cab at the door and maid gone home, when she suddenly discovered that she had forgotten to pin her puffs on. She wore a tight fitting princess, and even getting her arms up far enough to throw a scarf over her head was agony.

What could she do? All at once she remembered how a friend, a bachelor girl, always called the messenger service and asked for a married messenger boy to come around and hook up her dress. She didn't think it was necessary to insist on the marital equipment to pin on the puffs, but the idea of the messenger boy appealed to her as the quickest and surest way out of the difficulty.

A very nice little boy came and said that he'd been to lots of ladies' houses to pin puffs and went right to the dresser, filled his mouth with invisibles, turned her chair so she could direct his efforts with the aid of mirrors, and when he got through told her he had a girl and the girl was having a birthday soon, and he thought a string of puffs would be a jolly dandy present, and did you buy 'em by the yard or by the twos, and how much was they?

And at the theatre the other night a young woman came in with a hat the size of a cart-wheel. She had small features and a small head, and the overpowering effect of that headdress was one that it took a few minutes to recover from. As she did not show any strenuous desire to remove it a man finally leaned forward and suggested that as he had paid \$2 for his seat he would like to be able to see the stage without standing up on the chair.

According to the unwritten law of the theatre she began to remove it, but she did it in a half souled way, as much as to say that she was acting under protest and not from the dictates of her heart. As the last pin was removed and the hat lifted, a perfect volcano of puffs, compressed hitherto into the compass of the crown, sprang up before his astonished gaze.

Describing them afterward, he said that they looked like the corrugations in a brain map he had once seen, and was quite confident that some psychic influence must have directed the girl's pinning them into place to represent her own inner surface of the cerebrum. After a while he leaned forward again and said:

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Mrs. Nanette B. Paul of Washington, D. C., has introduced a new method of teaching parliamentary law. She has an illustrated chart showing what motions are debatable, when they are in order, what majority is necessary for their adoption, &c. Mrs. Paul is a graduate of the Washington College of Law and a member of the District bar. She is at the head of the movement to make the Washington College of Law a permanent institution. At the present time it depends on the life of its dean, Mrs. Muesey. The graduates have started an endowment fund, which now amounts to several thousand dollars.

Few of the thousands of people who have admired the wall decorations of the New Amsterdam Theatre know that they are the work of an American woman, Miss Blanche Ostertag. After winning a number of student prizes while studying art in Paris, Miss Ostertag returned to America, settled in Chicago, and beginning with designs for calendars, posters, book covers and other small forms of decorative art, worked up to the broad field of mural painting. One important commission which she has just finished for the Northwestern Railroad is a series of historical panels at the Green Bay terminal, Wisconsin.

A Gentle Hint.
From the Washington Star.
Senator Fulton at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington told a tipping story.

"In Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me the first of every month a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip."

"But one morning I was very busy, and when the man brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly, and forgetting his tip bent over my meal again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: 'Well, Senator, would you be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum.'"

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.
Mrs. William Beebe, wife of the curator of birds in the Bronx Zoological Garden, has sailed with her husband for South America to spend several months studying bird life in the interior. Mrs. Beebe is an enthusiastic naturalist and is said to be of material assistance to her husband in his work. Their objective point on the present trip is the unexplored forest region of British Guiana.

Miss Hilda Belcher has received the first prize of \$500 in the Strathmore watercolor exhibition. The Strathmore is looked upon as one of the most important art competitions of the year, and the struggle for the first prize is always keen. Miss Belcher is a native of Vermont and her mother was an artist of local reputation. Beginning as an illustrator of magazine articles, she has done creditable work in several fields of art. A stained glass window which she designed is one of the chief ornaments of a new church in Baltimore, while one of her first portraits took the scholarship in portrait painting at the New York School of Art. Her latest prize winning picture

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